MARCH, 1944

The Liberalist

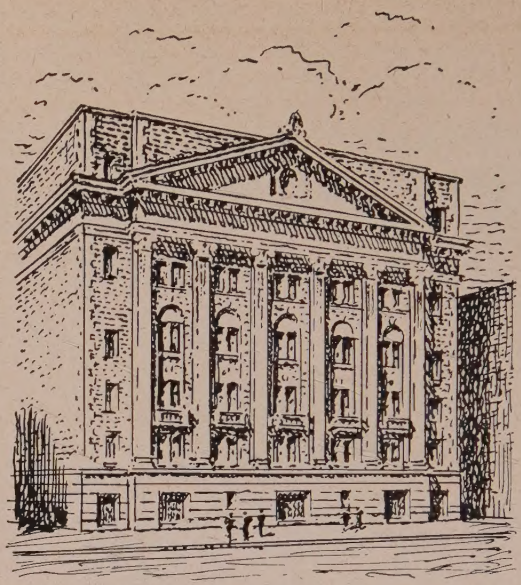
PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

THE BOHEMIAN HYMN

In many forms we try
To utter God's infinity,
But the boundless hath no form,
And the Universal Friend
Doth as far transcend
An angel as a worm.

The great Idea baffles wit,
Language falters under it,
It leaves the learned in the lurch;
No art, nor power, nor toil can find
The measure of the eternal Mind,
Nor hymn, nor prayer, nor church.

Ralph Waldo Emerson



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Vol. XX **March, 1944** *Number 12*

FEBRUARY 23rd IS ASH WEDNESDAY

During the Lenten Season Dr. Bradley Is Preaching a Series of Sermons Which He Calls

"Faith for Today"

FEBRUARY 27—"A FAITH IN GOD"

MARCH 5—"A FAITH IN JESUS"

MARCH 12—"A FAITH IN MAN"

MARCH 19—"A FAITH IN ONESELF"

MARCH 26—"A FAITH IN PRAYER"

APRIL 2—"A FAITH IN A NATION"

PALM SUNDAY . . . APRIL 2nd

EASTER SUNDAY . . . APRIL 9th

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

Lawrence Avenue at Sheridan Road

* * *

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE—11:00 o'clock—Broadcast by WJJD

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE—7:30 o'clock—Not Broadcast

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—9:30 o'clock—Channing Hall

JUNIOR CHURCH—11:00 o'clock—Channing Hall

* * *

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES—8:00 o'clock sharp—All seats free

BOOKS FOR MARCH

March 1—"HOW TO THINK ABOUT WAR AND PEACE" .....by Mortimer J. Adler

March 8—"THE RETURN"..by Margaret Rhodes Peattie

March 15—"GERMANY WILL TRY IT AGAIN"..... .....by Sigrid Schultz

March 22—"THE APOSTLE".....by Sholem Asch

March 29—"GOD'S FRONT PORCH".....by Ketti Frings

* * *

HEAR DR. BRADLEY'S BROADCASTS

WGN—6:00 P.M.—Monday Through Friday

(Each Wednesday a Book Review)
(Each Friday a Question Box)

WJJD—11:00 to 12:30—Every Sunday Morning

"FRONT-LINE RELIGION"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
PASTOR OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

FEBRUARY 6, 1944

"WHENEVER mankind reverts to the most animalistic instincts in the human breast, namely: an effort to find a solution for his problems in the application and practice of brute force, the direct reaction from that experience is a tapping of the religious reservoir of man's consciousness. It is one of the general observations of human history that immediately following an outbreak of hostilities of brutal character man seems to instinctively turn again to religious values. The present attitude of people in their direct reaction to the present world catastrophe is a confirmation of this historical observation.

This morning I want to examine with you, as best I can, what this connotates. I am learning a great many things which I did not learn in our previous experience of the early stages of this present 30-year war, for, as you know, this is a 30-year war; it started in 1914 and this is the 30th year of its activity. There has never been anything except an armistice; the war has officially never closed. I am learning something these days from the letters which I am receiving that is having a very significant influence and effect upon my own thinking about religion and also about what I ought to do in the responsibility which is mine, and what I can do in this hour.

I am receiving, I think, perhaps more unusual mail these days than I have ever received in the thirty-two years during which I have stood in this pulpit, and this mail is coming from boys, many of whom I christened as babies and whose fathers and mothers I married, most of whom have been brought up in the environment of this Church and this institution, most of whom have listened to me and have been a part of this Church for twenty, twenty-two, twenty-five years; they have been listening to me preach all of these years. We have already lost three of our boys who came up through our Sunday school, and fine boys they were: they are dead. I had letters from them, too. And I have something on my heart and soul this morning about this whole matter which I have received from them; from these boys. One of our boys, Arthur Williams, the other day, wrote me, and after telling me his reactions from some of his experiences—he is over seas—he philosophized most interestingly about what he had learned in Sunday school and from the pulpit. Then do you know what that boy did? He enclosed a U. S. postal money order for $36.00 and he said: "I miss my Church more than anything in my life and I like to feel that I am there. I have been away 36 Sundays, so I am going to send a dollar for every Sunday I have been away from Church." A soldier boy!

Now, there is a great deal of confused thinking about it all. I know that religion is not only on the front lines, but it is on the front page. I know that people are saying: "O, people are more religious today than they have ever been," and "People are going to church more than they have ever gone and they are more interested in religion than they have ever been," and all that sort of thing. I rather discount that; that does not, to any great extent, influence what I am going

to say because I don't think it rings true. There are people, of course, who because of the nearness, the proximity of great suffering and grief and loss and loneliness, have a natural tendency to turn to some source which they probably have not contacted for years, for assistance and help, but that does not necessarily indicate a profound religious experience when one feels that they are simply being driven because of some experience of life that has affected them emotionally and upset and disturbed the equilibrium of their normal living, so that in their feeling of despair, or hopelessness, or helplessness, they suddenly turn to something that we think of as religion. I am very glad that religion is there, and that God is there for them to turn to, but that is not primarily my concern.

Now, what about front-line religion? . . . You know, Americans are not by nature "killers." These lads were never thirsty for blood! We have had to take them in certain places and in order to accustom them to the environment of war in its reality have had to put them through the training to familiarize themselves with wounded, distorted personalities and the flowing of blood; we have had to teach them that, and we have had to put them in the environment that as nearly as we could, would anticipate the experience of real warfare. We have done that in our training. We have done it by creating a simulation of the body form and we have mutilated that body and we have let men see what it means to be disemboweled, or to see brains ooze out of ragged bones and skull. We have done that with model forms, we have had to accustom our men to that environment.

Now, what has it done to them, and what will it do to them? This somewhat effervescent wave of religion people talk about is not nearly as deep as appears to a superficial observer because the moment we recover the tempo of our normal lives, you won't have very much concern about God or religion; you will go back to your lack of religious emphasis and will accustom yourselves to the deep-seated sense of self-sufficiency. We have to be driven into spiritual keenness and awareness and need by the brutalities of experience, but we lose it soon.

Now, there are one or two things that I think I have learned about this, and I want to just submit them, perhaps illogically in their presentation to you, but I just want you to see them as I am thinking of them. England is now experiencing what will very soon be and constitute the major religious emphasis of the people of the United States, that is, a revival and an enthusiasm for that interpretation of religion which is called "spiritualism." That always follows in the wake of war. That is the first emphasis and constitutes the major social reaction to war; a new birth of interest in spiritualism; and today it is sweeping England from Land's End to Pentland Firth. The churches of England that in the early stages of this war were filled to overflowing, are no longer filled. Church attendance in the Anglican Church in England has dropped 38% in the last six months. The attendance in the other churches of London has dropped the same. The Sunday after Dunkirk you could not get in a church in England, the Sunday after Dunkirk they were packed. The Sunday after Pearl Harbor in America the churches, with the exception of Easter Day, had the largest attendance the Protestant Churches of America have had. The Sunday after Pearl Harbor there was not a church in the City of Chicago that was not filled to overflowing, and in the City of Chicago

this morning there is not a church, not one, that hasn't plenty of room for almost twice as many people as the church is capable of seating. This is indicative and it is likewise affirmative of what I have just said. It is not a religious phenomenon; it can easily be understood, it is not phenomenal, but in proportion to the length of the casualty lists there will be an increase of spiritualism in the United States. This is interesting and, of course, is significant.

Now then, the other day I had to write a letter to one of our boys in the South Pacific, and tell him the news of the death of his father . . . . the mother came to me and said: "Doctor Bradley, I cannot do it, I cannot do it. Will you write to Walter and tell him his father is dead?" I wrote to Walter Moran that letter. I have had one back from him, his answer. I cannot read it to you. Something is happening to the hearts and souls of these brave boys; we had better be considering it, we had better be thinking about it. But as to this superficial observation that these boys will all come home Christians, and the churches will become filled and that they are all becoming religious, and they are all doing this, and all doing that, I am afraid some of you are in for some pretty severe shocks; the reactions are not going to be what you think at all. They are religious, but not with the same concept that many of us have as to what constitutes true religious expression. But they are religious, and I will tell you what I think is their religious concept. I have been reading and studying what some of our chaplains have been saying, the men who are living with our men, and dying with them, for many Roman Catholic priests and many Protestant ministers and Jewish rabbis have been killed in this war, are being killed every day, these chaplains who are with our men. And the front-line religion that is developing out of this war is very different from the sectarian bigotry and the theological controversaries that are being given so frequently and so generally to the home-front. This is a religion that is unknown in the front-line trenches; they are simply not interested, these men, in the controversial aspect of theological problems and difficulties, and they are not interested in creeds. They have lost all consideration for the church as Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Unitarian, Episcopal, or any other credal demarcation. They are not interested, these men, and they are not going to be interested when they come home; it has not done that to them, this tragedy. One of the reasons is because men do not share a common danger and a common death without developing a common sense of need. *AND THAT NEED IS IN THE UNIVERSAL POWER OF THE DIVINE, UNATTACHED, FREE FROM PROPRIETORSHIP BY ANY CHURCH, CREED OR SECT!*

No one *OWNS GOD!* No one has a mortgage on God! No Church, no creed can reach out now before the world and say: *My* way, *my* Church, *my* creed, or there is *no way*!" That is dead, it is finished, and the old emphasis on religion that has characterized so much of our religious past is undergoing the reactions of a revolution. Mind you, it is not a reaction against TRUTH, it is not a reaction against GOD, but those men have had the opportunity of having all the superficial, artificial, transitory experience of religion drip, drip, drip away from them as they have watched the shedding of blood; they are not interested in the superficial aspects of religion. The inspirations for their concept of religion came in that great

Chaplain School. Ah, do you know what they do there? In line with the attitude of the United States Military form, they were all put in the uniform of the United States Army and every Protestant chaplain and every Roman Catholic priest in the United States Army dresses exactly alike. There is no Roman collar and no black necktie in the Army. You cannot differentiate between them when you meet them in the soldier's uniform on the streets. You will find a little golden cross on the lapel, and that's the only insignia, and you cannot tell when you meet one whether he is a Roman Catholic priest, an Episcopal, Presbyterian, Methodist, or Unitarian clergyman or a Jewish Rabbi, for the Jewish chaplains wear only the insignia of their ancient faith. There you have it. Those chaplains in the Chaplain School at Harvard, are taught and trained in the burial services and in the giving of help and strength through prayer in each other's religion, and many a Roman Catholic priest has held in his arms a dying Protestant boy and read to that boy the prayer of his own faith, and many a lad has died in the arms of a Roman Catholic priest who had never entered a Roman Catholic Church in his life. And where there is doubt which occurs with the activities intensified in the fierceness and tragedy of war and in the hell of death, where there is any doubt as to what the religious background, or race, or faith, of a dying boy may be, if it is possible, the whole three men together read the prayer. Beautiful is it not?

Let religion on the home-front emulate the religion of the front-line in the reality of war, and when these lads come back to us and bring within them the percolating influence of the realities through which they have been, our travesties of theological bigotries and credal antagonisms will mean nothing to them. They will look at social injustice, they will look at industrial wrong, they will look at strikes in wartime, they will look at war profiteering, they will look at a society in which poverty and sin and vice and cruelty and inequality and injustice run riot, though there is a church on every corner and an altar in every block. They will look at our home-front religion while prophet and priest content themselves to chant of a perfect state beyond the grave. They, who have known the realities of hell and experienced the sublimity of heaven will mock us, for their religion will be the religion of application to the social injustice and economic distortions of a modern civilization, that could not, in its moral adventuresomenss and spiritual courage, build a world in which war would be impossible. That kind of world will be the *DREAM WORLD IN THEIR HEARTS UNDER THE INSPIRATIONS OF THAT MORAL IDEAL OF THE KINGDOM OF GOD ON EARTH!"*

DR. BRADLEY'S BROADCAST OF FEBRUARY 8th OVER WGN

IN READING one of the many interesting and highly descriptive articles which are being written these days by our correspondents and men who are passing through the terrific experiences which this war is bringing, I found this unusual incident: "Your marines are not as

good jungle fighters as we are," asserted a captured Japanese infantry officer. "Our trouble is, your marines tear down the jungle, then we Japanese have no jungle to fight in." That is one of the most striking, as it is indeed one of the most highly descriptive, sentences I have run across in a long time, and it inspired what I am going to say, "Your marines are not as good jungle fighters as we are. Our trouble is, your marines tear down the jungle, then we Japanese have no jungle to fight in."

Immediately when I read this striking observation, I said to myself: There is material for a book on the full implication of that one sentence. One might call the book "Tearing Down the Jungle," or "Jungle Fighters." It is the highest and best compliment yet paid our marines, who are justly entitled to all the many, many compliments which have been paid them throughout their long and brilliant history. If I were a marine and someone asked me what my principal job was in the South Pacific, I should feel a great depth of pride in replying unhesitatingly, "I tear down jungles."

We can apply this whole episode to each of our individual lives. Tearing down the jungles of life, and life is full of jungles—all kinds of jungles, many of them as vicious, unattractive, deathly, as the jungles of Coral Islands. This Jap infantry officer who accused our marines of tearing down the jungles and thus removing the environment for their fiendish and vicious type of warfare, not only paid us a great tribute but he also told more about himself and the Japanese method than could be written in volumes. The Jap is a jungle fighter. Remove the jungle and he is whipped. So it is with life. Fighting the jungle, tearing, breaking, leveling the jungles about us, is one of our tasks as individuals every day and hour of life. The jungle enables the Jap to hide himself effectively and safely while he inflicts death and pain upon those whom he can see, but who cannot see him. We have had to develop a new type of warfare to meet such a low type of enemy.

But we are equal to the challenge and therein is the breath of ultimate victory.

Are you, am I, equal to the challenge of the jungle? Are we able to marshal the instruments which can cut at the roots—the mass of protective tree and winding roots which make a safe place for those who would destroy and hurt and mutilate us? What are some of these jungles? I am sure that they have occurred to many of you already; and that you have in your own mind thought of some of these jungles—the jungle of fear, envy, cowardice, lies, viciousness, cruelty, vengeance; all these constitute the environment for the enemies which would destroy us, and there is only one way to handle them, and that is to cut them down, root and branch, releasing their poisonous vapors and steaming atmosphere, venemous and deadly snakes and scorpions, wild beasts and devouring animals, all of which are in conspiracy against every decent, beautiful thing which man is capable of realizing, appreciating and expressing. There are other jungles, too, jungles of prejudice and ignorance and sickness, all of which harbor destructive forces and devitalizing influences.

No animal of the jungle is any more vicious and dangerous in this tragic hour than the jungle of prejudice and hate; prejudice which hides behind every rumor, hidden by the foliage of jealousy and envy, ready to strike with the deadly fangs of hatred; prejudices fanned and flamed by people and institutions suffering inferiority complexes, which are the bases of many

an attack against another's religion or another's race—these live and thrive in the jungle. They find themselves incompetent to meet those who are different in race or religion, in the fair competitive mart of life, and reason erroneously that the thing to do is to kill them rather than destroy the jungle.

Would you destroy the jungle of your life? Here, given by Gilbert Murray, the great classical scholar, is a translation of a Greek prayer, and it is just as powerful and potent today as it was when first uttered, 2,000 years ago. "May I be no man's enemy and may I be the friend of that which is eternal and abides. May I never quarrel with those nearest me, and if I do, may I be reconciled quickly. May I never devise evil against any man. If any devise evil against me, may I escape uninjured and without the need of hurting him. May I love, seek and attain only that which is good. May I wish for all men's happiness and envy none. May I never rejoice in the ill-fortune of one who has ruined me. When I have done or said what is wrong, may I never wait for the rebuke of others, but always rebuke myself until I make amends. May I win no victory that harms either me or my opponent. May I never fail a friend in danger. May I respect myself. May I always keep tame that which rages within me. May I accustom myself to be gentle and never be angry because of circumstances."

If all of us applied these simple, impressive words, uttered by the ancient Greeks, we would clear the jungles of our lives so completely and thoroughly that the destructive enemies lurking and lingering there would never have an opportunity for our destruction and defeat. We would create for ourselves such an environment that the transformation would seem like a miracle to ourselves, and the jungle beasts, which we fear and which so many of us are unable to destroy, would annihilate themselves. We would prove a very old technique, but one which is difficult of application, and yet whose efficiency cannot be questioned: the way to overcome evil is not merely by fighting evil; the way to overcome evil is by the ancient formula—to overcome it with good. Evil cannot live in the presence of good. Evil men, evil principles, have within themselves the capacity for their own destruction. He who overcometh evil with good has won a permanent, conclusive victory over the jungles of life.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes, too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church,
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

Dedication of "Dr. Preston Bradley Library" at Tower, Minnesota

In the December issue we published a reprint from the Tower Weekly News announcing the decision of the City Council of Tower to honor Dr. Bradley for his generous gift of 1,000 volumes as a nucleus for the beginning of a library in that city.

The dedication of the Library was held on Sunday, February 13th, and the following invitations were issued:

OPEN HOUSE
DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
LIBRARY
City Hall, Tower, Minnesota
FEBRUARY 13th, 1944; 2:30 p.m. to 5:30 p.m.
Music by Tower Soudan High School Band; Directed by Charles Minelli
Tea Served by Women's Civic Improvement Club

On Wednesday, February 16th, Dr. Bradley received the following letter from Mr. Herman T. Olson, one of Tower's prominent citizens, proprietor of the General Store and a former Mayor of Tower. More interesting than any newspaper account of an affair is this friendly personal letter which the editors share with the Liberalist readers:

February 15, 1944.

"My dear Dr. Bradley:

Mrs. Olson and I had the pleasure of attending the Open House for the dedication of our 'Dr. Preston Bradley Library' in the City Hall (in a room of which the library is housed) which I assure you was a great pleasure for us. You and your good wife are forever doing so much for the other fellow, but to me this must be one of the finest things you have ever done, and of course we are thankful that it happened in our own city.

The affair was very well worked out by our women, and I am told that well over a hundred people were registered and no doubt many more were there who did not register.

As my wife and I looked over this fine selection of books, we remarked how much we would like to read some of them if we could only find time to do so.

As Izaak Walton Leaguers, we are doubly proud of this library because you will remember, Dr. Bradley, it was at your summer home when you entertained our chapter that this library was first discussed with us. I assure you that everyone in Tower and Lake Vermilion appreciates this gift from you, and that it will be made good use of from time to time. While it is not, of course, the largest library in this vicinity, we feel that it has qualities that will not be found in others, and I am sure that it will create a great deal of interest among our people as well as our summer residents.

We were very much impressed and deeply moved as we stood before your fine portrait that hangs so imposingly on the walls of the library and read the impressive letter of greeting that you wrote the mayor and city council on this occasion.

Mrs. Olson and I join in thanking you folks for this splendid gift to Tower and Lake Vermilion that we know you love so much.

Kindest regards and best wishes to Mrs. Bradley, Jim and yourself.

Sincerely your friends,
(Signed) HERMAN,
LILA."

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... Associate Editor
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EDITORIAL

IT is an hour of problems: problems of government, of politics, of religion, of education—the whole general fabric of life. Three words have been running through my mind lately, like some bars of music that one cannot forget, and he hums or whistles them all day long. The words are Bread, Beauty and Brotherhood.

These three words stand as the symbol of what constitutes almost all of life. It is honorable to work, and if you have any discrimination against any individual because he has to work for a living, there is something wrong with you, and not with the individual who works. Beauty, too, must be made available. The civilization is not worth the name that merely maintains economic opportunities for the creation of wealth, yet denies the worker who produces the wealth an opportunity for access to all the beauty which the life is capable of experiencing. This is the very foundation for Brotherhood, of which we are hearing so much these days. There can be no Brotherhood without Bread and without Beauty.

The old Greeks, in the greatest period of their history, produced Pericles, who said: "Everything that has power is beautiful." There are stars in the sky and there are sunsets in the soul, and the very aim and objective of any form of society worthy the name of democracy is the creation of an environment in which the individual will have unrestricted opportunity to develop the full and complete flowering of the personality. That means the individual first and the state next.

We have the responsibility that the true heritage of liberty and freedom and light may never be denied those who follow us. There have been great voices all down through the centuries who have thundered out this truth to mankind, and even though our ears reverberate with the din of the world's war and our hearts are often made lonely and sad by the merciless results of war, still it is all but the agonizing birth pangs of a new and a better day, for ideals do not die—idealists come upon the stage of the world and pass on, but the ideals—the things for which men have stood, the things which have urged and pushed and pounded against man's heart and soul—these do not die

—these can never be defeated or eliminated.

Every philosophy and every tyrant and every dictator and every nation that has sought throughout the centuries to destroy this flame has always been himself destroyed in the process. Such it has always been and such it will always be. It is true in this hour. The blueprint and the pattern which men make for the course of human history often is wrong and misleading. Events do not fit into the pattern. Circumstances altar the blueprint. But you may rest assured that the basic principle and the basic ideal toward which man always turns in every hour of his struggle have not been injured, mutilated or touched. They are as eternal as the cosmos. The combination of Bread, Beauty and Brotherhood in our lives, preserved and maintained, will bring us out all right. This is the trinity upon which man can build a world—a world of peace!

BOOK CHATS

THOSE who want to understand the significance of Adolf Hitler and how this vicious thing of Nazism became the menace of the world, should read "The Ten Commandments." Armin L. Robinson, the Austrian editor, asked ten authors to write for the crusade against Hitler's philosophy. Robinson was holding a conversation with a former Nazi, Herman Rauschning, who at one time was Mayor of the Free City of Danzig. During the conversation, Mr. Rauschning said that Hitlerism, in the final analysis "is a war against the moral code crystallized in the Ten Commandments." Mr. Robinson at once thought of asking ten world-famous, world-recognized, world-important writers to write a short novel each, with one of the Ten Commandments as the subject. This the authors consented to do, and this book is the result.

The book is phenomenal in many particulars, and among all the books which I know, dealing with the ideology of Hitler and the tragedy which has befallen the German nation, "The Ten Commandments" stands near the top. Herman Rauschning wrote the introduction, which consists of a conversation which he had one time with Hitler. At an intimate gathering in Berlin, shortly after the National Socialists' rise to power, Mr. Rauschning heard Hitler reveal himself on the most important and profound problem of the crisis: the ethical foundation of life. What he heard upset him so deeply that for the first time the real purpose back of the revolution of destruction unfolded itself to him. He wrote down the conversation as best his memory permitted, and in the spring of 1937, through a friend, it was sent to Cardinal Pacelli, who is now Pope Pius XII, and to some Protestant clergymen and other parts were also published in his book "The Voice of Destruction." In the conversation, the unspeakable Streicher said, "We don't fight only the Christian circles; we fight against Christian ideas. They constitute the real poison in our blood," while Hitler paced up and down in the room, screaming hysterically, "That's right. After the destruction of Judaism, the extinction of Christian slave morals

must follow logically." And ending his tirade, he shouted, "Against the so-called Ten Commandments, against them we are fighting."

When Hitler started out to conquer the world, he swore that he would not only break every one of the Ten Commandments, but wage ruthless war against the moral code they express. Since that boast ten years ago, he and his hordes have done all in their power to try and obliterate the decalogue from the earth. Hitler has literally and symbolically dragged in the dust and smeared with blood of whole nations, those cardinal principles which have guided the conscience of the Jew and Christian alike for thousands of years. Ten of the world's famous writers have banded together to write a ten-fold denunciation of this Nazi ghastliness.

The book is called "The Ten Commandments." There are ten chapters by ten great writers. Each one of them, with one exception, has laid the scene in Hitler's Germany, or in one of the enslaved countries. The exception, Thomas Mann—who, by the way, is not Jewish—has illustrated the text of the first Commandment by a dynamic retelling of the story of Moses' handing down of the law, with the main dramatic incidents that happened before and after that great forward step in the history of the human race. But although this magnificent short novel is laid in Egypt and on the way to the Promised Land, its present-day implications and significance are not forgotten. This one chapter alone by Thomas Mann, "Thou Shalt Have No Other Gods Before Me," is one of the greatest bits of writing which one of the world's greatest writers has ever given us.

While these ten short novels in the book are written to demonstrate Hitler's career—how he has, at every opportunity, flung aside the moral sanctions of the Ten Commandments—though they are fiction, yet every one of them is true. Every one of the incidents happened in essence, and their fundamental authenticity is vouched for by stories seeping out of the occupied countries, by way of under-ground channels. The true stories of what has happened in Nazi-occupied Europe are coming out now, bit by bit, and when they are all told, they will constitute the greatest indictment ever raised against a man and the things which he taught. The indignation and revolt on the part of ten sensitive, creative minds, inspired these writers as no other theme has ever done.

Following Thomas Mann, Rebecca West gives a Danish story of how they forsook the traditional Danish enthusiasm of living for a career of defiance to the Nazi invaders. Franz Werfel's Rabbi, in his death agony, twists the Swastika into the form of a cross. John Erskine re-interprets the meaning of "Remember the Sabbath Day, to Keep it Holy," giving it a new meaning for all men. Bruno Frank's tragic heroine symbolizes the hopelessness of the Nazi ideal. Jules Romains' story emphasizes the insidiousness of merely being lukewarm against Nazism, and how in this way even men of good will can be separated from their better nature.

Andre' Maurois has given the Seventh Commandment an ironic twist: it reads as an important message to all appeasers and timeservers, and warns of the results from anyone's compromising on the issue of right and wrong. Sigrid Undset's portrait of her old Norwegian heroine has a grandeur and dignity which, as the invaders came, made them all the more ridiculous and contemptible. They attacked and disturbed the life and spirit of Norway; and yet there were those, as in Denmark and in all the other countries, who did not permit these invaders to touch their souls, no matter what they

did to their bodies. Hendrik Willem van Loon writes vividly of a young Nazi scoundrel, and rises to great heights of dramatic literature as he contrasts him with his own pious Dutch foster father. The tenth chapter, dealing with the Tenth Commandment, "Thou Shalt Not Covet," is a brilliant analysis by Louis Bromfield and one of the most striking chapters in the entire volume. And so we have the Ten Commandments, which have thundered down the centuries, illuminated by ten great modern writers against the background of one who taught a people to despise and override them all.

* * *

In these book chats this winter, I have chosen to discuss only books which I consider of basic and fundamental worth; books which, in my judgment, are not merely books of the day or the hour, but books which will command a sustained interest. If you are not familiar with any of George Santayana's writings, you have missed one of the most important voices in our literature. George Santayana is now a man 80 years of age, and his latest book, "Persons and Places," is one of the first in his autobiographical series and takes his life up to and through his student days at Harvard. The last sentence of the book is an indication of his future plans, for he writes, "The curtain drops here to rise presently on other scenes."

George Santayana was born in Madrid in 1864. He was the son of Don Augustin Santayana, who was a native of Zamora, and of Doña Josefina Borras, who was a native of Glasgow. Spanish, Scottish, English, and eventually American, constitute the influences of his life, blending in a racial stream of complicated and conflicting, as well as divers blood currents. And now, after a lifetime of teaching, of writing poetry, essays, philosophy, he garners up all of the influences and activities of his life, and we are to have his life story with all of its dramatic intensity, literary distinction, philosophical conclusions and poetic charm. Of his childhood in Spain, one of his first recollections was the horror which he felt when, after his family moved from Madrid to Avila, a cathedral sold its magnificent red damask hangings to an American millionaire for $20,000. This was a great shock to the young Santayana. Not only did it arouse revolt in his esthetic temperament, but also in his moral as well.

Going to England, he finally left for America on the 4th of July, 1872, where he landed in Boston, and was met by his brother Robert. The impact of Boston and its environs on the youthful Santayana undoubtedly had much to do with the trend of his life and his thought. Many of these reactions he records across the years with enduring impression. He was of a strange and paradoxical composite character, and probably the heritage of Spanish influences had much to do with his esthetic and philosophical development, until at times he seemed to be a conglomeration of contradictions, yet to himself the contradictions were easily explained by his conception that he was simply the artist, and that everything which happened to him or about him, was the development of his own philosophy of life. The variety by which his personality functioned and expressed itself, was all against the sounding board of the artist. Some have interpreted this background as the barrier which prevented him from becoming what is called a powerful writer. The distinguished literary critic, Peter Monro Jack, says "he is a writer who sees and feels too many disparate things to make a slogan of any one point of view. That is good of him and it has helped to break down a great deal of

brazen nonsense by philosophers about the nature of the world. He is, I should say in a way, a martyr to truth."

I was first introduced to Santayana by his great work consisting of five volumes, which he calls "Life of Reason" or "The Phases of Human Progress." These five volumes have been in my library and used constantly since 1928. They are entitled "Introduction and Reason in Common Sense" (2) "Reason in Society"; (3) "Reason in Religion"; (4) "Reason in Art"; (5) "Reason in Science." His other volumes have been "The Sense of Beauty"; "Interpretations of Poetry and Religion"; "A Hermit of Carmel and Other Poems"; "Winds of Doctrine"; "Character and Opinion in the United States," together with several other volumes, and also a novel which, on its appearance was recognized as a contribution to the place of the novel in American literature. It is called "The Last Puritan," and is really a memoir in the form of a novel. It was published in 1936, and might be the best book for you to begin with, if you are not familiar with Santayana. In all he has written more than 20 books and probably this autobiographical series, the first book of which we now have, will be the last from his pen.

Santayana finally became a professor at Harvard, but was never quite happy in his work and did not enter into it enthusiastically, although the impact of his personality never left those with whom he came in contact as a teacher. His whole being sought and sought unceasingly, for freedom and independence. He abhorred restriction and coercion and chafed under any limitation. He found that by withdrawing from all other activities and devoting himself exclusively to writing, his thoughts came more freely and less hampered. Speaking of his early life in Spain he writes these illuminating words: "The scene, the persons, the events are still present with me most vividly. I did not feel deeply or understand what was going on, but somehow the force of it impressed my young mind and established there a sort of criterion or standard reality. That crowded, strained, disunited and tragic family life remains for me the type of what life really is: something confused, hideous and useless. I do not hate it or rebel against it, as people do who think they have been wronged. It caused me no suffering . . . my eyes and ears became accustomed to the unvarnished truth of the world, neither selected for my instruction nor hidden from me for my benefit." Every person's philosophy of life is conditioned by his experiences in life. This is true of Santayana. He has made a profound, lasting contribution to an understanding and interpretation of life, and in this volume "Persons and Places," we find portrayed the background against which these 80 years have been lived. You might get the impression thus far that Santayana is a pessimist. That is not true, and this book proves he isn't. My friend Christopher Morley, who knows books and writers as few people do in this country, said: "Here is a book of truly rare charm—one that will reveal to the delighted reader the soul of a great philosopher, man of letters, poet and man of the world. Its unclouded loveliness of style, barbed irony, incisive humor and mellow wisdom place it with the great autobiographical works of all time. This exquisitely wise and humorous and moving book is as close to a veracious and universal biography of scholarly youth as this generatiaon is likely to enjoy. Nights are going to be longer and longer in the next ten years of our discontent; try reading this book slowly and if you have the right listener, aloud."

P. B.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

ALTHOUGH we are going to press with the March number, while I write it is still February. No matter how dark and drab the day, blanketed in fog and mist, late in the afternoon the sun often sends out a few rays, and like magic the scene changes from one of gloom to one of great beauty. The sunlight casts long, warm tree-shadows across the snow in the park—warm, I call them, because in February shadows take on purplish tones, and are no longer blue-gray and cold, as in January. Clouds and sky above the lake become the loveliest tints of saffron light coral and amber, deepening into mauve at the horizon, while there may be very little color in the west, and the pearly tone of the lake, with chalk-white streaks made by the ice-flows, is exquisite. The color picture gives me keen delight, and I gaze from the east study windows until dusk softly blots it out.

The days are becoming perceptibly longer—have you noticed? I begin to spend some time in the evenings looking through seed catalogues, and I confess there is something way down deep within me that starts to plan a garden and to swallow happily the same old stories the seed books tell! Anyway the truth still remains, that the twenty-first of this month is officially the first day of spring! That we can cling to in spite of war and taxes! But on this February day on which I am writing, with the sunset coloring all flung against the eastern sky, and the afternoon shadows making a pattern over the snow—one wonders just what face March will wear—will it gambol in like a lamb, or come in roaring like a lion? In a few days Ash Wednesday opens the season of Lent, and this leads us to Easter. Lent is a quiet time of prayer and spiritual meditation—strengthening and feeding the spirit within. But—we must hurry now to look into the Mail Bag, and not ramble on philosophizing or our space will all be gone!

Once in awhile the Mail Bag holds a special surprise—and this time it was a very special surprise and a very great pleasure to Dr. Bradley to receive a letter from a schoolmate friend of his parents. I said to him—"You never know who may be listening and find you in a broadcast!" Changing the words a bit of Major Bowes, who begins his broadcast every Thursday with a line about spinning the wheel of fortune, " 'Round and 'round she goes, and where she stops nobody knows," he says, with a chuckle, we might say "The rays from Radio go 'round and 'round—and where they reach nobody knows," for certain it is Dr. Bradley hears from near and far, friends of his youth—and thousands he has never

seen. The "surprise letter" follows: "Dear Dr. Bradley: I have just been listening to one of your interesting programs. I am all alone tonight and sitting by my radio. Gradually I close my eyes and I find myself back in a little wooden school house known at the Burt school. I am happy, for we are to have a number of boys and girls from the south road this term. Yes, they came, and among them was one girl we all called 'Pet.' Yes, 'Pet' Warren. She was a great favorite with us all.

"Well, school closed. I found myself and the rest of my schoolmates growing up and taking responsibilities of our own. I got to know about everyone in our little town. Yes, things were happening. Robert Bradley married 'Pet' Warren. And now, they have a baby boy named Preston Bradley. Bob was a good friend of mine, and gave me a cigar. The first thing I knew this baby boy was going to school and giving account of himself, speaking pieces, and delivering orations. And why not? Then I find myself listening to Bob Bradley delivering his charge in the I.O.O.F Lodge. Yes, delivering it as no other man has ever done since, in 53 years' membership I had never heard anything like it.

Suddenly I awake with a start: no school, all those familiar faces fade away, the program has long past, and who am I? Just an old gray-haired man, with a son in the U. S. Navy, but I had lived over those childhood days, long forgotten days, and to you I am very grateful. Sincerely, John A. Burt, West Branch, Michigan."

In December a good friend in the church passed on—Mr. Fred Masten. Later, after writing a cousin of Mr. Masten's this note was received with a poem enclosed, which so intimately expresses a father's thoughts when his son received his "wings"—so tenderly expresses his pride and his interest—it is a "heart throb"—I think you, too, will appreciate it as we do:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: I wish to acknowledge receipt of your letter in answer to mine concerning funeral services of your friend and my cousin, Fred Masten, of whom we were both very fond. A great many of us have lost a wonderful friend.

"It occurs to me that you might possibly be interested in reading the enclosed. While it is a rather crude expression of my own personal feelings and thoughts in relation to my own son who is an Air Cadet in Florida, I am inclined to think, after what has been said by a few of my friends who have read it, that the general thought it expresses is universal of fathers of today who have sons in service.

"It is because I think that this thought may be true that I am enclosing the stanzas in this letter. Sincerely yours, A. S. Wells."

(Written the night of the Graduation of Upper Classmen of the Primary Training School for Cadets at Lakeland, Florida, after viewing the exercises Monday, November 1, 1943.)

"To you, my son, I feel that I must write
And disregard my meager gift or power
To paint my thoughts. For tho' within the hour
I left you and your wife, and said good-night,
I cannot let this day be done,
Until I say to you, I'm proud of you, my son.

I've seen another milestone you passed by,
As others you have passed and others will.
I hope to see each passing on your road, until
You can with modesty declare, 'I've learned to fly.'

Tho' I may not always view each one,
You'll know that I am proud of you, my son.

Today you stood a Wing Commander named,
Full orders calling out, as orders were received.
Emotion grown to rend, unless relieved
Possessed my soul; and unashamed
The tears from clouded eyes would run,
For I was very proud of you, my son.

Although my blood was coursing in your veins,
'Twas not alone for you my fierce pride burned,
But for those hundreds others who had learned
To count their sacrifices as their gains.
So I was proud of all, excepting none;
Most of all, 'twas of you I was proud, my son."

Oh my! I have so many fine letters, I am sorry to have to close the Mail Bag for lack of space. Good things keep and you will get them eventually. Hoping that March may close like the proverbial lamb to meet the Eastertide, I will say "cheerio" till next month—AND—KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

Taken From Dr. Bradley's New Book "MY DAILY STRENGTH"

What's the use of trying to prove the fact of the Eternal and then not *living the reality* we have attempted to establish!

Instead of trying to prove the God of theology, let us live as though *God is!*

Try it, you who are arguing about religion and who are all confused and mixed up about it.

Start the day by saying: "The arguments are finished! I am going to *live* as though religion were true." It will work miracles, if you just accept, transmute, translate and transfer the highest conception of God which you can understand—even though it be but a segment of Eternal Love—into your daily life.

Oh, Divine Heart of Love, from this moment of prayer may all of us take courage and utilize the strength to the well being of humanity. Infinite God, we know not how to frame the words, but wilt Thou be eyes, intelligence, plans, power, force, that soon those who are right may bring this bloody war to an end and an opportunity to bring the kingdom of God upon earth shall once more be ours. Bless every one in the air, on the sea, under the sea, on the earth, in this hour facing indescribable activity, that men might not be afraid any more and that freedom might come.

HEAR
DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
HOLY WEEK—APRIL 3 TO 7

ERLANGER THEATRE
127 N. Clark St. (LOOP)
Every Noon—12:10 to 12:40 P.M.

THEME: "THE GREAT ADVENTURE OF LIVING"

MON., APRIL 3—"LIFE AND YOUR EMOTIONAL HABITS"

TUES., APRIL 4—"LIFE AND YOUR MENTAL HABITS"

WEDS., APRIL 5—"LIFE AND YOUR RELIGIOUS HABITS"

THURS., APRIL 6—"LIFE AND YOUR LOYALTIES"

FRI., APRIL 7—"LIFE AND THE CROSS"

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO
941 LAWRENCE AVE. AT SHERIDAN RD.
Every Night—8:00 P.M.

THEME: "NEW LIGHTS ON OLD TRUTHS"

MON., APRIL 3—"WHAT IS THE KINGDOM OF GOD?"

TUES., APRIL 4—"WHAT IS CONVERSION?"

WEDS., APRIL 5—"WHAT IS THE BIBLE?"

THURS., APRIL 6—"WHAT IS SALVATION?"

FRI., APRIL 7—"WHAT DOES THE CRUCIFIXION MEAN?"

Plan to attend some Church. If you have no Church, The Peoples Church will welcome you.

Dr. Bradley's Engagements

January 15th to February 15th

JANUARY

16—Two services. Peoples Church.

17—Radio Address. WGN.

18—Radio Address. Abbott Language Center.

19—Radio Address. WGN.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.
Conference of Mayors. Blackstone Hotel.

20—Address. Woman's Ideal Club. Blackstone Hotel.
Radio Address. WGN.

21—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Congregation Beth Itzchok.

23—Two services. Peoples Church.

24—Meeting. Chicago Public Library.
Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Lawndale B'nai B'rith.

25—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. PTA, McClure School. Western Springs, Illinois.

26—Address. Mary Bartelme Club. Merchandise Mart.
Conference. Editor, Chicago Herald-American.
Radio Address. WGN.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.

27—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Clement Presbyterian Church, Cicero.

28—Address. Independent Grocers' Assn., Knickerbocker Hotel.
Radio Address. WGN.
Commencement Address. Morton High School.

30—Radio Address. WJJD.
"Liberal Religion on the Air"
Two services. Peoples Church.

31—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Community High School. Woodstock, Illinois.

FEBRUARY

1—Radio Address. WGN.

2—Radio Address. WGN.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.

3—Radio Address. WGN.
Book Lecture. Northtown Branch Library.

4—Radio Address.
Address. War Bond Rally, Calumet High School Auditorium.

5—Address. Youth Broadcast. WJJD
Address. Opening of Uptown Youth Recreation Center.
Address. Orchestra Hall. Jewish Mass Meeting.

6—Two Services. Peoples Church.

7—Radio Address. WGN.
Read paper. Chicago Literary Club.

8—Interview. Students Presbyterian Theological School.
Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Boy Scout Anniversary, Memorial Bldg., Racine, Wis.

9—Radio Address. WGN.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.
Address. Howard St. Business Men's Association. Edgewater Beach Hotel.

10—Address. Northtown Kiwanis Club, St. Mark's Lutheran Church.
Radio Address. WGN.

11—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. War Bond Rally. Fenger High School.

13—Two Services. Peoples Church.
Address. Chicago Historical Society.

14—Board Meeting. Chicago Public Library.
Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Ushers' Club. Peoples Church.

Christenings

JANUARY

26—John Charles Burnett, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Burnett

Weddings

JANUARY

15—Arthur Wolph and Margaret Steffens
Christian Eitel and Mrs. Frances Schroeder
Gunnar Olson and Mrs. Rose Henderson

17—Dudmond Malina and Marion Hodeck
Felix L. Campbell and Mary E. Purnell

22—Henry Witters and Margaret Shea

29—Julius Staar and Helen Kopps

30—Dr. Roland Loring and Evelyn Thompson

FEBRUARY

5—Jack Shawhan and Laura Blackwood
C. R. McAteer and Thurid Pedersen
Russell W. Lewis and Verga N. Dittmer

12—Jay Hubbard and Zelma Kendall
David Comey and Willamae Stippe
Ralph Scheffers and Lois Allen

13—Vicko Buktenica and Mary B. Basic

Funerals

JANUARY

15—Capt. Ulysses Grant Lee

17—Bertie M. Turnell
Mary Hargrave

18—Peter Hansen

20—Mrs. Richard Mullen

24—Andrew Petersen
Mrs. Charlotte Whittaker

27—Edward W. Cypert
Arthur D. Solomon

FEBRUARY

5—Mrs. Clara Lartz
Mrs. Robert Holmes

8—Mrs. Cora Howard

12—George Stipp

14—Thomas Zemek

AN APPROPRIATE GIFT

WE can think of no finer gift for a friend, a relative or a neighbor, than one which will remind them of your love every month in the year.

Our Liberalist is such a gift. We are trying to make this a most vital and inspiring church magazine. Every number contains a sermon by Dr. Bradley and special articles of interest and inspiration. All of the activities of the Church are emphasized. Every month there is an interesting department which Dr. Bradley writes, called "Book Chats." There are also editorials, stories and articles, Book Reviews, and one of the most interesting features is the Radio Mail Bag in which Mrs. Bradley every month gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send $1.50 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now in its twentieth year of publication, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your $1.50 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

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THE UPTOWN PLAYERS CENTER OF ALLIED ARTS

J. Bradley-Griffin, Director

1219 N. LaSalle Street **Whitehall 5257**

MARCH PRODUCTION—"ONE FLIGHT DOWN"

by Eric Stroom and Arthur Hammerstein

"One Flight Down" is a pungent, dynamic, three-act melodrama with seven fleeting scenes. J. Bradley-Griffin plays the part of "Jaro," a Hungarian refugee, who has a tailoring shop in the tenement district of New York City. The play offers a kaleidoscopic view of the many other characters who pass through his shop—their joys, their romances, their sorrows—life in the New York tenement district.

Many consider "One Flight Down" to be the finest work the Players have yet done. It is being held over for the month of March.

MARCH SCHEDULE

Friday, March 3rd.....**"One Flight Down"**
Saturday, March 4th.....**"One Flight Down"**
Friday, March 10th.....**"One Flight Down"**
Saturday, March 11th.....**"One Flight Down"**
Friday, March 17th.....**"One Flight Down"**
Saturday, March 18th.....**"One Flight Down"**
Friday, March 24th.....**"One Flight Down"**
Saturday, March 25th.....**"One Flight Down"**
Friday, March 31st.....**"One Flight Down"**

* * *

MARCH 19TH . . . DRAMA TEA

Honor Roll

Arthur J. Williams
Harold E. Hansen
John L. Freitag
George Freitag
Cpl. Howard Wentz
Lt. Kurt Proud
Kurt Meyer
George Formanek, Jr.
Lloyd Blue, Jr.
Howard Carlseen
Clinton R. Sipe
Dr. Henry C. Johannes
Edward W. Nonnenbruch
Wm. Robert DeWees
Harold Ingersoll
**Henry J. Tinling
Yale W. Rowley
Wendel Estal
Winslow Heg
Capt. Herbert Bluhm
Ben C. Bluhm
Douglas L. Palo
Capt. James H. Meyer
Robert H. Meyer
Lester G. Riley
Sgt. William F. Hobbs
Duane Terry
Frank G. Christ
Richard P. Strand
Norman P. Anderson
Arthur E. Toepfer
Robert Murphy
Robert Olson
Frans Eronson
Forrest A. Oldenburg
James Code
Henry Willeumier
Robert John Wendland
Sgt. William V. Myers
**Alfred Taylor
Robert E. Gill
George John Smith
Hans Kramer
Howard C. Nelson
Howard Berhalter
Charles Boaz
William Schroeder
Charles Walska
James Schneller
Jacob Estes Replogle
Harry S. Gray
William Berglund
George E. Kruskopf
William J. Wenger
Walter Moran
Jay Merrick
Corp. Charles Fuss
Robert Plumley

*Charles C. Crane
Robert Baumann
E. Kokoefer
Donald J. Norris
Robert L. Hangel
Elwood E. Kiltz
Lt. Carroll D. York
Mary Louise Sweet
Leslie J. Walker
Robert Hannum
J. C. LaPointe
Arthur J. Kredler, Jr.
Robert K. Schnorr
Rudolph E. Salamon
LeRoy Adams
Franklyn Adams
L. C. Rowley
Robert J. Hansen
Clyde F. Bower
Edward P. Brosious
Donald W. Brosious
Tom Henderson
J. Bryant Shoberg
Daniel Arthur Needham
Arthur Quesnall
David Ettelson
George Felch
Virgil Drew Widener
G. Andrey
William Henderson
William H. Parlette
Capt. Andrew Haban
John H. Hagen
Lawrence Johnson
Cpl. James Kosner
William James Walters
Wayne P. Blue
Martin Sauser
William Sauser
Florence M. Moore
Edward Paschal
Robert Weeger
Ruth Leffler
Harry G. Nelson
George G. Eddy, Jr.
Tommy Bartlett
William James Walters
Elmer M. Wiederer
Marie Tilles
Robert H. Wiggins
Robert L. Eldred
Charles Paige
Harry DuMont
Sgt. Clee S. Post
Lt. Fred H. Kreutzer
Tom Lee Woods
Stf. Sgt. Geo. F. Arms
Raymond Mostek

Robert E. Poquette
Walter Scott Sexton
Sgt. Roy O. Lawson
Gerhard Wegner
Andrew C. Wilson
Bruce W. Vespermann
Carl W. Voigtritter
Philip R. Strand
Capt. Donald Yous
Richard Miller
James W. Buchanan
Jean Thompson
2nd Lt. Pauline M. Plummer, R. N.
Marvin I. Edelhart
Frank M. Shurman
Betty Best Hurley
Robert Wood, Jr.
Thomas Wood, Jr.
John Hendrich
Rudolph Lichtenebert
Charles Wesche, Jr.
Orville Wesche
Winifred Klippel
Jim Phillips
Sgt. William R. Hurley
Robert C. Stippe
June Blair Lauletta
Fred H. Goetz, Jr.
Stanley Kredler
R. B. Byron
Henry Pfaff, Jr.
James R. Victorin
Daniel Jack Woods
Sidney Weinberg
Mark Alan Miles
Cpl. Harold W. Hoots
Carl Leonard Fishman
June Fuss
Betty Philbrick
E. J. Wilkins
Leslie Merrill
Earl Palmer
James M. Woods, Jr.
Betty Droth
Harold Anderson
W. Ross Williamson
Noel Dudley Gregg
Robert D. Gregg
Robert Osterberg
Lt. Carlton H. Marsh
Kenneth R. Ball
Lt. Marjorie Schulten
Calvin C. Kemper
Mary Alice Yarrington
Philip Langley
Gavon Robert Burkhard
Gordon R. Dahlstrom
Marvyn F. Harbert

*Killed in action. **Reported missing at sea.

CHURCH ACTIVITIES

✦ ✦ ✦

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE—Broadcast by WJJD.....11:00 o'clock

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE—Not Broadcast..... 7:30 o'clock

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION, Sunday morning ..... 9:30 o'clock

JUNIOR CHURCH, Sunday morning.....11:00 o'clock

DR. BRADLEY'S DAILY BROADCASTS, Every night, Monday through Friday, WGN..... 6:00 o'clock

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES—Church Auditorium ..... 8:00 o'clock

CHOIR REHEARSALS—Every Thursday evening, Church Auditorium ..... 7:30 o'clock

RED CROSS UNIT—Every Thursday in Channing Hall 9:30 to 4:00 o'clock

WOMAN'S CLUB—Monday, March 6th, Channing Hall..... 1:00 o'clock
Reciprocity Day. Conservation Program, Mrs. Robert Byron, Chairman. Speaker, Gertrude Charney, President and Founder of Friends of Birds. Subject: "An Afternoon With Birds." Guest Artist, Pauline Esdale, Whistler.

Wednesday, March 8th, Card Party—Bowman Dairy, 4125 N. Kostner Ave. Ways and Means, Mrs. R. H. Monson, Chairman ..... 1:30 o'clock

Monday, March 20th, Channing Hall..... 1 o'clock
Garden Day, Mrs. Preston Bradley, Chairman. Program to be announced.

Thursday, March 23rd, Channing Hall.....5:00 to 8:00 p.m.
Cafeteria Dinner. Ways and Means, Mrs. R. H. Monson, Chairman.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB—Monday, March 6th—Channing Hall..... 8 o'clock
Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Bassler in "Loves of the English Poets," with Elsie Alexander at the piano.

Monday, March 20th—Channing Hall..... 8 o'clock
Fellowship Night. Alice Pearson, Hostess.

MEN'S CLUB—Fourth Monday night of each month, Channing Hall ..... 8:00 o'clock

USHERS' CLUB—Every second Thursday night of each month 8:00 o'clock

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CLUB—First and third Tuesday of each month ..... 8:00 o'clock

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—J. Bradley-Griffin, Director. See special schedule page 22 of this issue. The Uptown Players Center, 1219 N. LaSalle St., Whitehall 5257.